

Skylar Hanson is a totally fictional story written by me, wolfydude. Any similarity in names, events, or situations is purely by accident and isn't my fault. If you shouldn't be reading this stuff, or have people over your shoulder who shouldn't, then don't. Any comments or suggestions, send an email to [panzerfast5@yahoo.com](mailto:panzerfast5@yahoo.com). If you would like to be added to a mailing list for new chapters tell send me an email saying so.

Note: Sexual activities probably will not occur in the first couple of chapters. So if you're into only that then read something else. The preface is misleading about such conduct, at least for a while. Also blood and death will occur for such a story as this... but will only occur later on in the story and you'll be definitely told why later in the story too if you can't figure it out from the beginning. Anywho, now to the story!

## Preface

I stared down at the motionless body in front of me. A small amount of blood was pooling around it on the bed, dripping off the sheets to the floor. His face was in the final moment of an orgasm, his eyes staring up into the ceiling. I reached down and closed them, feeling the stiffened skin under my fingers. I shivered. I felt horrible, yet relieved at the same time. I moved the body into a more natural sleeping position and pulled the covers over the body. I knew it wasn't going to make a difference in a few minutes but I didn't want to leave him like he was.

“Don’t get attached to him,” I heard Drakes’ voice in my head. “It’ll make things that much harder for you.”

I couldn’t help it. I get attached to people too easily, but I had to kill him. I lit a cigarette, placed it in the ash tray next to the bed, and walked out of his bedroom. A tear ran down my cheek and I stopped and fell against the wall. I stood silently crying for a couple of minutes before I pulled myself together and headed for the kitchen. I put a pan onto the stove and turned on the gas, adding in a can of chicken noodles. I checked to make sure I left all the

doors open and headed out of the house.

I got into Drakes' Mercedes-Benz E63 and started it up. I put it into drive and started heading down the gravel drive, tears falling down my face. A few minutes later I heard a loud explosion, and in my rear view mirror saw a large plum of fire. I stepped on the gas more and drove off into the night.

## Chapter One

“Hey mom, I am gonna go outside for a little while!” I shouted while heading to the door.

“Will you be long? Dinner is almost ready!” She replied back to me from the kitchen.

“No mom, I'm just going for a little walk!” I said excitedly hanging in the entrance of the house.

“But it's storming outside! You'll be drenched!”

“I'm planning on it mom! It sooths me... Later!” I shouted while closing the door so she couldn't say anything else.

My mother wasn't lying. It was the first real thunderstorm we have had this year. Sure there had been storms with thunder and a little lightning, but nothing like this. Every couple of seconds lightning bolts raced across the sky, almost lighting the whole neighborhood like it

was day. After a half second the light was gone and it would take second or two for my eyes to adjust to the almost complete darkness around me.

I took off my shirt and threw it down on the porch before I stepped out into the downpour. The rain was really pounding the ground hard. I took a breath and walked out into the rain. The cool giant droplets hit my bare skin on my broad shoulders and chest, making my skin tense as the cool water slid down my slender stomach to my waist line.

I started walking the path down to the driveway, and then I walked down to the street. My hair fairly damp by then and the water was soaking farther down my pants. The water rose over my feet whenever I stepped into a puddle, the cool liquid running through my toes, sending shivers up my legs. I took a right on my street and started walking up the small hill in the neighborhood. The rain started letting up for a few seconds, then suddenly with a flash of lightning it started pouring again. The strange thing was there wasn't any wind. The water fell straight down, almost as if the rain never had intentions of moving on to other places.

I continued walking up the hill past my neighbor's house, and all of the lights in the house were off. In fact... there aren't any lights on in any of the houses up and down the street. It was sort of eerie, but relaxing at the same time. I could still see the glow of the lights from the city nearby. Maybe it was just my little suburb that was dark. Oh well, the walk seemed more soothing in the darkness. Suddenly a large lightning bolt flashed in front of me, followed by an almost deafening crack of thunder, with another bright flash. The storm was getting worse, excellent.

I continued down the small incline at the end of my road and hung another right. Another rumble of thunder in the distance, and another flash, made the street completely visible. I stopped dead in my tracks. I thought I had seen something.... maybe even someone... quickly going across the road about thirty yards in front of me. I couldn't tell what it was. After a while I convinced myself that the object was just an animal, though I really had a feeling it

wasn't.

I was not going to let this ruin my walk, so I started again. I was more attentive now. My ears picked up on almost everything, though they weren't very useful since they mostly picked up rain drops. My heart beating in my ears also made things difficult. My eyes also started moving rapidly looking at everything that was moving that shouldn't. I continued hesitantly walking to the middle of the street, then after a while, I decided to turn back to my house, my walk being ruined by the figure. I mumbled curses under my breath the entire walk back.

I awoke with a jolt. Cold air was passing over my face. In fact, my whole body was cold. I glanced at my open window and with a scowl. I got up and walked over to close it, shivering. As I looked out the window there was a vast sheet of fog covering right outside. The fog was so thick I couldn't see the tree that stands right below my window. I finished rolling the window in and pulled the lock down.

I walked to my bed and lay back down. I slightly glanced at the clock on my bedside table which read ten o'clock in the morning. I pulled the heavy comforter over my head to try to stay warm and wrapped my arms around my legs, shivering a little. The bed finally got a bit warmer and I drifted off to sleep.

I slowly rolled over and pushed the covers off. I sat up and swung my legs over the side of the bed. My room had gotten significantly warmer from earlier. I got up and walked to the door pushing it open and headed to the bathroom down the hall.

"Oh you're still alive!" exclaimed my mother when she saw me emerge from the doorway. "We had thought you died in the middle of the night," she continued, motioning to

my dad who was watching the television.

“It’s nice to know that if I really do die in my sleep it may take days before anyone actually checks on me,” I replied back, smirking. I forgot what I was doing and walked right past the bathroom. “The only thing that might make you check in on me would be the smell,” I continued to my new destination, the kitchen, as I walked past her. She let out a slight laugh. “There was a lot of fog outside this morning... Did you see it?” I asked, remembering when I woke up.

“Yes...” My mother replied with a pause. “I was driving and you could literally see the fog rolling in. Then once you got in it you couldn’t see anything two feet in front of you.” She said as I walked into the kitchen. She then started watching NCIS again.

As I reached the kitchen I walked to the refrigerator and had my hand on the handle to open it when I remembered I hadn’t been to the bathroom. I walked back out of the kitchen and past my mom and my dad watching the television and into the bathroom to do my business.

Later that evening I decided to go out and get some Starbucks while working on some of my homework. I grabbed my wallet, keys, book bag, my phone, and my laptop and headed out the door. The drive to Starbucks was fairly uneventful and I cursed at one of the nice drivers waving people on at stop signs. I flipped through the radio stations and decided to settle on oldies, since I had heard the music on the other radio stations way too much. I sped a little on my way which cut the time down considerably. I pulled into the parking lot and turned off my car, grabbed my stuff, and went into Starbucks. I ordered my drink, a Caramel Apple Cider, as I don’t like coffee, and went and sat down on the nice comfy chairs to wait for my order to be called. I loved the smell of the coffee, even if I didn’t drink it. I just felt like it was relatively relaxing on the mind.

The restaurant was empty, except for the employees behind the counter. Even with the lack of people in the room, the drink was taking too long and I decided just to get started on my homework instead. I pulled out my laptop and my essay assignment and began working on it. Finally, which seemed like ages to me (or in other words, four paragraphs), the woman finished my order. She seemed to say sorry by bringing it right to me. I said thanks in the most non-sarcastic sounding way I could manage at that point. She gave me a nasty look and walked back to the register as new costumers began entering.

I continued to type my essay, though I was getting more distracted by instant messages popping up and which song I was going to listen to next. As the new costumers walked in to buy their drinks, I would quickly glance at them. Then I would start working on my 'essay' some more.

It was starting to get dark outside, the sun had set over the horizon and I hadn't gotten much further in my essay than when I first started. I decided to give up on writing it anymore and just to start writing some stories while chatting with people. I had ordered another drink, a strawberry crème and was drinking that. The door opened again and in walked in a man, about 6'2, and curly black, medium length hair, the kind that looks good while blond... not black, and skinny, but I bet he had defined muscles from the looks of his arms. A very good looking man, I determined, even if he was fairly pale skinned.

He walked to the counter and the woman working the register got flustered, blushing profusely and giggling every couple of seconds. A quick glance at me told me that he asked her about me and her lips moved very rapidly. I looked back down at my computer. I was chatting with my school mate Alex on an instant messenger.

<I think this guy that just walked in and the cashier are talking about me>

Alex <Why do you think that?>

<The dude walked in and started talking to the cashier and she glanced at me and

started talking really fast>

Alex<You're just over reacting dude lol calm down>

<Seriously though it's freaking me out!>

Alex <perhaps she was seeing if you were still there?>

<She's never looked at me before now...>

Alex <Your paranoid kev, just calm down>

<Oh damn he's walking over here!>

Alex <lol he's just relaxing like you are he'll prolly just work on stuff or drink his drink.>

<If you say so...> I looked to see where he was. <Holy shit he's across the room starring at me...>

Alex <Kev just calm down! He's not starring at you I promise he's just looking around>  
I knew he wasn't cause I could feel his eyes beating down on me even though I wasn't looking at him.

<I think I'm just gonna leave... He's freaking me out...>

Alex <Okay kev, just be careful!>

<You know me!>

Alex <Yeah... I do...>

I signed off and shut down my computer. I was just about to get up when...

“Hello there!” God damn! It’s almost like he knew I was going to leave and he wanted me to stay, though he had a very kind sounding voice, not like a creepers one.

“Umm... Hello?” I replied back and looked up at him. His eyes were very brilliant, a deep sapphire color. At first I thought they might have been contacts, but the more I looked into them and the more he blinked, the more I noticed he wasn’t wearing any. I usually don’t look into random people’s eyes but I couldn’t take mine away from his.

“How are you doing this fine evening?” He asked. I was a little confused on his openness and I didn’t know if I should stay or leave. My mind was yelling at me to go, but my legs wouldn’t budge and my eyes were glued to his face. He had one of the most attractive faces you could imagine, and he smelled wonderful. Not quite the smell of cologne... it seemed to just emanate from his body.

“I’m alright,” I said. I could feel my face getting warmer as the blood was rushing to my head. I don’t understand why I was transfixed talking to this man I didn’t even know his name!

Yet again, just like he knew what I was thinking, the man across from me said “My name is Drake Rienhardt!” His voice was serious, but playful at the same time like he has known me for a very long time. I had no idea what I was doing.

“Mines Skyler.... Hanson,” I didn’t know why I had said that. What the fuck was I doing telling this guy my full name?!? Why not just blurt out my Social security too. Drake held out his hand.

“Good to meet you, Skyler!” he said smiling. He had a heartwarming smile. I gently grabbed his hand and he interlocked fingers with me. His touch was warm and soft, yet it still sent chills up my spine. Everything about this man was suppose to make me feel welcomed, but my stomach didn’t like him at all and I felt the urge to get out.

“Well... um... Drake, I was just about to leave right before you started up this conversation with me. I best get going or my parents might start to worry.” I told him, forcing myself to remove my eyes from his. I put my laptop away, which had been sitting in my lap with my hands over the entire time, and got up.

“Alrighty Skylar. I hope we meet again!” he said to me as I stood. He held out his hand again.

“Alright...,” I answered back, grabbing his warm hand again and shaking it again. After

he let go I turned and walked away.

As I got further away something felt like it was missing. Sorta like when he grabbed my hand the last time he kept a part of me. I had no intention on seeing this man again, yet a longing for him in my soul had sparked. I ignored the feeling and was determined to ignore it forever. I noticed a nice Lamborghini parked next to my Jeep Liberty and scoffed. I knew it was his, I didn't have to ask. I got in my Jeep and started it up and threw it in reverse. As I was parallel with Starbucks I glanced inside and saw Drake waving at me with a bright smile on his face. My heart pounded harder and I forced myself to look away. I threw my Jeep in drive and... well... drove off.